

A Fawcett Publication

APRIL
10¢
NO. 47

Monte Hale

WESTERN

BIG 52 PAGES



**FLASHING SIX-GUN ACTION
READ OUTLAW CLEAN-OUT**

DRAW ME!

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RULES:

You must be an amateur. Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 inches high. Pencil or pen only. Omit lettering. All drawings must be received by April 30, 1950. Name returned. Winners notified. If desired, send stamped, self-addressed envelope for list of winners.

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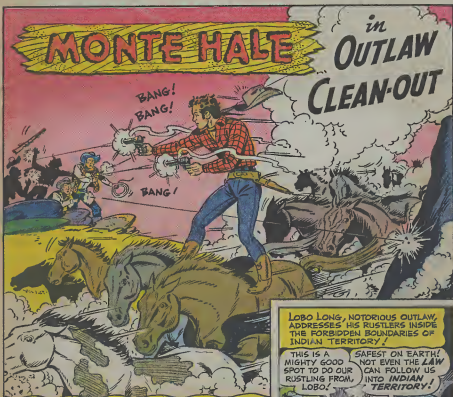
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



LOBO LONG, NOTORIOUS OUTLAW, ADDRESSES HIS RUSTLERS INSIDE THE FORBIDDEN BOUNDARIES OF INDIAN TERRITORY!

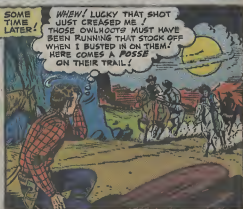
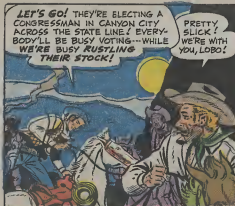
THIS IS A MIGHTY GOOD SPOT TO DO OUR RUSTLING FROM, LOBO!

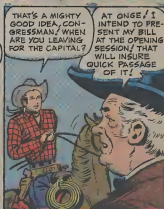
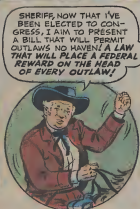
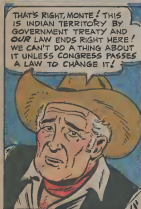
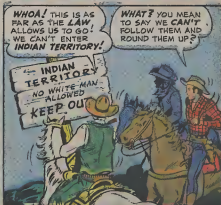
SAFEST ON EARTH! NOT EVEN THE LAW CAN FOLLOW US INTO INDIAN TERRITORY!

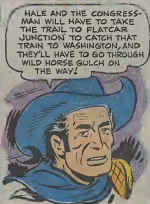
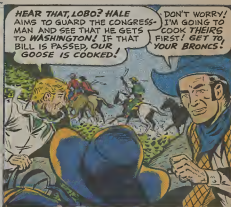
LOBO LONG'S OUTLAWS HAD A MIGHTY GOOD THING AND THEY AIMED TO KEEP IT, BUT WHEN THEY GOT A MITE TOO DETERMINED, IT WAS HIGH TIME FOR THAT ROLLICKING, TWO-FISTED TROUBADOR OF THE RANGE **MONTE HALE** TO GO RAMPAGING DOWN THE GUN-SMOKE TRAIL IN **OUTLAW CLEAN-OUT!**

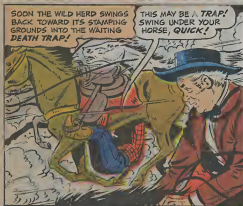
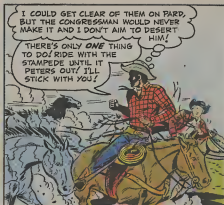


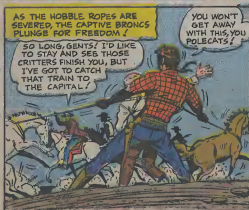
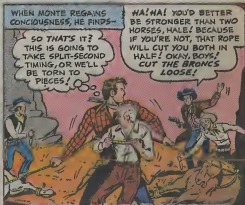
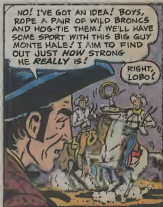
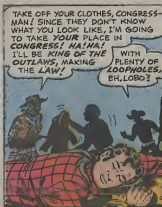
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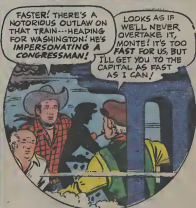
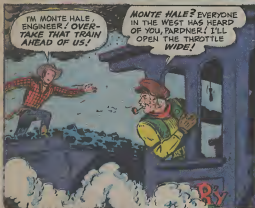
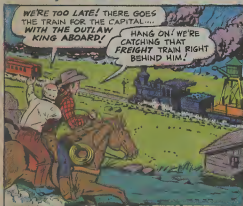


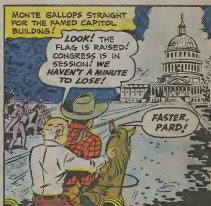












A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AS THE STRANGE FACTS ARE REVEALED!

A HAVEN FOR OUTLAWS RIGHT WITHIN OUR BOUNDARIES? INCREDIBLE!

SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE ABOUT THIS AT ONCE!

I HAVE PREPARED A BILL THAT WILL SOLVE THE MATTER COMPLETELY!



A VOTE IS QUICKLY TAKEN AND THE BILL IS UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED!

CONGRATULATIONS! YOUR BILL WENT OVER IN A HURRY! NOW WE CAN GO INTO OUTLAW TERRITORY AND CLEAN OUT THOSE OUTLAWS-- LAW-FULLY!

NOT YET, MONTE! I'LL HAVE IT RUSHED TO THE SENATE FOR CONFIRMATION! THEN THE PRESIDENT WILL HAVE TO SIGN IT BEFORE IT CAN BECOME LAW!



I'LL SEND YOU AND THE SHERIFF OF CANYON CITY A TELEGRAM AS SOON AS THE BILL BECOMES LAW!

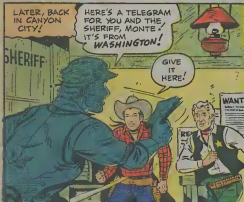
GOOD-BYE! CONGRESSMAN! WE'LL BE WAITING TO GO INTO ACTION!



LATER, BACK IN CANYON CITY!

HERE'S A TELEGRAM FOR YOU AND THE SHERIFF, MONTE! IT'S FROM WASHINGTON!

GIVE IT HERE!



THIS IS IT, SHERIFF! ROUND UP THE POSSE AND LET'S GO!

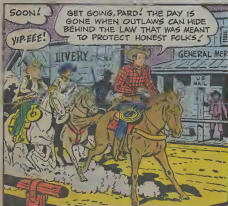
WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR NEWS THAT THE BILL WAS PASSED! THE BOYS ARE CHOMPING AT THE BIT TO GET A CRACK AT THOSE OUTLAWS!



SOON!

YIP-EE!

GET GOING, PARD! THE DAY IS GONE WHEN OUTLAWS CAN HIDE BEHIND THE LAW THAT WAS MEANT TO PROTECT HONEST FOLKS!

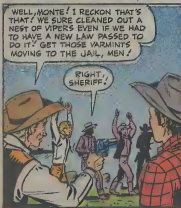
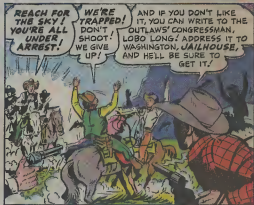
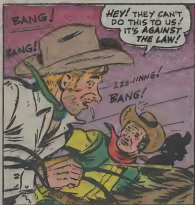


HALF OF YOU WAIT HERE WITH THE SHERIFF! THE REST OF US WILL CIRCLE THROUGH THE TERRITORY AND DRIVE THE RUSTLING VARMINTS OUT --- INTO YOUR TRAP!

GOOD IDEA, MONTE!

INDIAN TERRITORY
NO WHITE MAN ALLOWED
KEEP OUT!





Captain Tootsie

CATCHES RUN-AWAY HORSE
By BILL SCHREIBER



GABBY HAYES

and THE
PERILOUS
PIPE PEACE

IF GABBY HAYES WERE TO COMPILE A BOOK OF QUOTATIONS, IT WOULD CONTAIN THESE:
WORDS SPEAK LOUDER THAN ACTION!

THE TONGUE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD!
SILENCE IS ABOMINABLE! IN HIS USUAL MODEST FASHION, THE GARRULOUS FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH IS TELLING SOME YOUNG LISTENERS ABOUT HIMSELF.

IF I WEREN'T ON VACATION I'D TAKE YOU BOYS OUT TO THE SPREAD AND SHOW YOU HOW I DEAL WITH RUSTLERS AND ALL OTHER VARMINTS! I RECKON I'M JUST ABOUT THE BRAVEST HOMBRE IN THE WEST!

THEN YOU'RE JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB!



I NEED A BRAVE MAN WHO DOESN'T FEAR DEATH TO GO ON A MOST DANGEROUS MISSION; TO SIGN A PEACE TREATY WITH THE DREAD KILAMAN INDIANS.

(ULP!) WELL, GOVERNOR, I'D BE HAPPY TO GO, BUT I'M PRETTY BUSY AND...

YOU'RE NOT TOO BUSY, MR. HAYES!

YOU'RE ON VACATION.

YOU CAN GO.

OF COURSE, AND IF YOU DON'T COME BACK WILL PUT A PLAQUE ON THE STATE HOUSE IN YOUR MEMORY.

(ULP!)



GABBY IS READY TO SET OUT ON THE DANGEROUS MISSION.

YOU'LL BE A SUCCESS IF YOU CAN GET CHIEF RECLINING COW TO SMOKE A PEACE PIPE WITH YOU, BEFORE HE SCALPS YOU!



MEANWHILE, TWO VILLAINS WATCH!

WE CAN'T LET HIM SIGN A PEACE TREATY!

NO, INDEED. IF THERE'S PEACE, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SELL ILLEGAL GUNS AND POWDER TO THE INDIANS!



THE VILLAINS DISGUISE THEMSELVES.



BOON, THE WHITE PEACE ENVISSARY ENTERS THE REDMEN'S CAMP, BUT THE TWO DISGUISED RASCALS ARE ALSO THERE...

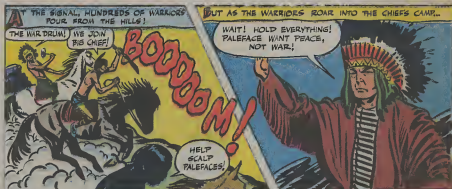


EVER, CURIOUS, GABBY ASKS A QUESTION!



THE DART STINGS CORNER!





MEANWHILE, THE TWO FAKE INDIANS HAVE "BORROWED" THE PEACE PIPE TOBACCO.

HEH, HEH! WHEN THE CHIEF STARTS SMOKING THIS RUBBER HE'LL BE SO MAD HE'LL WANT TO MURDER ALL WHITE MEN ON SIGHT!

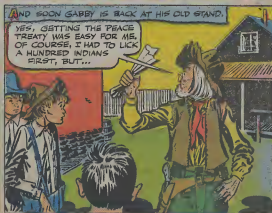
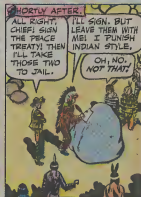


A MOMENT LATER, GABBY UNWITTINGLY FILLS THE PEACE PIPE WITH RUBBERIZED TOBACCO.

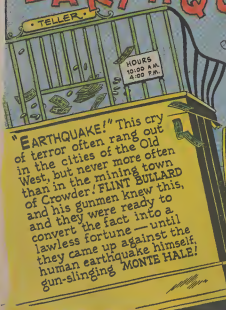
HERE, CHIEF, HAVE A SMOKE.

YOU, FIRST. YOU'RE MY GUEST.





MONTE HALE *in* EARTHQUAKE CITY



DOWN THROUGH A WINDING NEVADA PASS RIDES MONTE HALE ON HIS FAMOUS HORSE, PARDNER!

PARDNER, WE'LL SOON BE COMING INTO THE TOWN OF CROWDER! THAT IS--IF THERE IS A TOWN! LAST TIME I WAS THERE THEY HAD A HUMDINGER OF AN EARTHQUAKE!

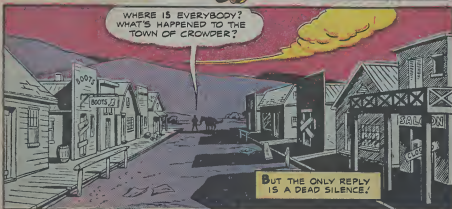
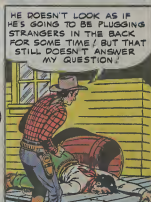
IT'S HERE, ALL RIGHT! AND IT'S IN GOOD SHAPE, TOO! EXCEPT THAT...THERE ISN'T A PERSON IN SIGHT! IT'S PLUMB DESERTED!

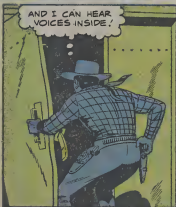
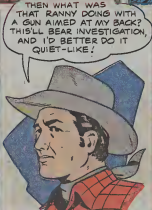
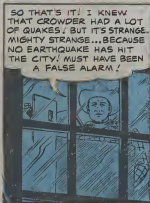
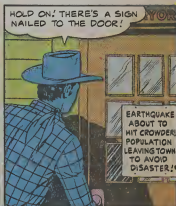


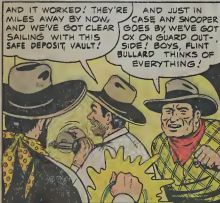
HOLD ON! IT'S NOT COMPLETELY DESERTED. IN THAT STORE WINDOW I CAN MAKE OUT THE REFLECTION OF A MAN, AND HE'S DRAWING A BEAD ON ME!



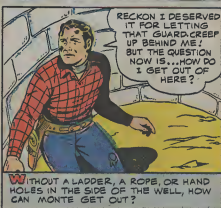
WHAT'S GOING ON? A STRANGELY DESERTED TOWN... EXCEPT FOR ONE MAN WITH AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER!

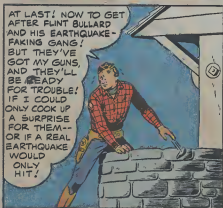
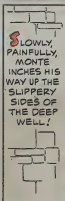






BUT OX HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!





MEANWHILE, IN THE BANK...

OX, YOU DID A GOOD JOB ON THAT SNOOPER! AS SOON AS...

LOOK, FLINT! THE VAULT! IT'S COMING OPEN!



GREAT HORNED TOADS! IT'S A REGULAR TREASURE HOUSE! SILVER BARS! MONEY BAGS! PILES AND PILES!

WHAT DO YOU THINK I PICKED THIS VAULT FOR? C'MON, GENTS! LET'S GET IN THERE AND GO TO WORK!



THE WAGON'S OUT BEHIND THE BANK! LET'S LOAD IT AND GET AWAY BEFORE THE TOWNSPEOPLE DECIDE THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY EARTHQUAKE... AND COME BACK!



BUT THEN!

LOOK! THE SNOOPER!

BUT HE HASN'T GOT A GUN! PLUG HIM!

HE GOT OUT OF THAT WELL!



AS THE BANK ROBBERS SLAP IRON, THERE IS A SUDDEN RUMBLE!

LISTEN! IT SOUNDS LIKE...

AN EARTHQUAKE! A REAL ONE!



THE FLOOR! IT'S SHAKING! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

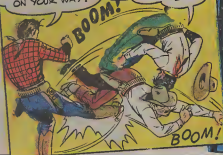
WE'LL ALL BE KILLED! I KNEW THIS TOWN, WASN'T SAFE, FLINT!



BUT AS THE PANICKED OUTLAWS
DASH TOWARD THE DOOR...

LET ME HELP YOU
ON YOUR WAY!

CLEAR THE WAY!
ULP!



YOU'LL THINK
YOU'VE REALLY
BEEN THROUGH
AN EARTHQUAKE
BEFORE I GET
THROUGH WITH
YOU!

WHUMP!

BOOM!!



POW!

THUD!

RECKON THAT
DOES IT!

SMACK!

POW!

THE EARTHQUAKE?
OH, THAT! YOU MEAN
THE BOXES OF DYNAMITE
I PLANTED OUT BEHIND
THE BANK! THEY WENT
OFF ONE AFTER THE OTHER,
AND I RECKON THEY SURE
SOUNDED AND FELT LIKE
A QUAKE FOR A
LITTLE WHILE!

MIND IF I TAKE
YOUR ARTILLERY?
YOU GENTS ARE
ON YOUR WAY
TO JAIL! YOU
WON'T BE
NEEDING GUNS
THERE!

Y-YOU'VE
GOT US,
MISTER!
BUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE EARTHQUAKE?
IT STOPPED
ALL OF A
SUDDEN!

YOU
SCARED
US INTO
LOSING
OUR
HEADS
AND
RUNNING
FOR IT!

THAT'S RIGHT, FLINT!
I FIGURED THAT IN
VIEW OF THE TRICK
YOU'D USED, IT WOULD
BE POETIC
JUSTICE TO
FOOL YOU!
AND I THINK,
WHEN THE
TOWNSPEOPLE
RETURN, THEY'LL
AGREE WITH
ME!



Once again, Monte Hale, champion of justice, has wiped out a band of notorious outlaws and helped maintain law and order in the Old West!

OLD SLICK

I HOPE YUH KNOW WHAR YO'RE GOING, CHUCK! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN THIS PART OF THE HILLS BEFORE!

DON'T WORRY, OLD SLICK! I SAID WE'D GET TUM THE DOUBLE CIRCLE RANCH BEFORE SUNDOWN AND WE'LL DO IT!

ETIQUETTE EXPERT!

SHUCKS, I COULD HAVE GOTTEN THAR BEFORE SUNDOWN WITHOUT USING THIS SHORT CUT---IF IT REALLY IS A SHORT CUT!

STOP FRETTING! IT'S A SHORT CUT ALL RIGHT!

I KNEW I WUZ RIGHT! THAR'S THE FORK IN THE ROAD UP AHEAD! THAT'S WHAT I WUZ LOOKING FER!

GOOD!

(GULP)

HUH? WHAT'S WRONG, CHUCK?

ER, ER, I FORGOT WHICH OF THE ROADS WE'RE SUPPOSED TUM TAKE!

(SIGH) I WUZ AFEARED OF THIS! AND WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A BOOK OF ETIQUETTE WITH US!

HUH? WHAT WOULD YUH WANT WUH WANT WITH A BOOK OF ETIQUETTE HYAR?

YUH SHORE ARE DUMB! IT WOULD TELL US---

--- WHICH FORK TUM USE! HA, HA!

!!!

MONTE HALE



THE TELEGRAPH GOES THROUGH

FINISH THE WORKMEN OFF FAST, BOYS!

RIGHT! AND THEN WE'LL GO TO WORK ON THE POLES AND WIRE! THE LINE ENDS RIGHT HERE!

BANG! BANG!

THAT'S JUST YOUR OPINION!

BANG! BANG!

Over burning desert sands and towering mountain crags toiled the men who brought the telegraph to the West! Theirs was an arduous, peril-filled task, especially when human enemies, too, lurked in ambush! Against these grim odds the telegraph men had a single weapon, but it was a weapon that wore a ten-gallon hat, toted a mean six-gun, and called itself MONTE HALE!

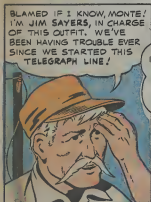
RAMBLING OVER THE RANGE, A MAN IS BOUND TO SEE A LOT OF THINGS. AND MONTE HALE IS NEVER SURPRISED BY ANYTHING HE WITNESSES!

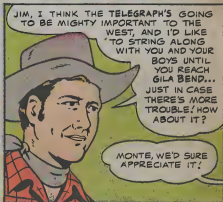
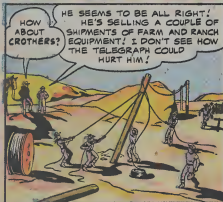
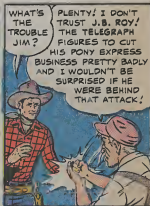
PARDNER, THERE'S TROUBLE YONDER! LOOKS LIKE A PASSES OF GUN-TOUGHS BEATING UP THOSE TELEGRAPH MEN!

LET'S STEP IN, PARDNER, AND HELP STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT!

GUNS AND KNIVES! SOMEONE MIGHT GET HURT... AND IT MIGHT BE ONE OF YOU!







AND, WHEN TROUBLE STRIKES AGAIN...

HEY! EVERYBODY WAKE UP! WE'RE BEING RAIDED!



THERE THEY ARE, RUNNING LIKE COYOTES!

THEY DIDN'T FIGURE I'D BE AWAKE, ON GUARD! AND THEY DON'T LIKE THE NOTION OF A FIGHT!



CEASELESSLY, MONTE PATROLS THE TELEGRAPH LINE!



FINALLY...

GILA BEND! WORKING THROUGH THE NIGHT, WE'LL BE UP TO IT BY DAYBREAK!

MONTE, THERE'S GOOD, JIM! I'LL RIDE BACK ALONG THE LINE AND MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S OKAY! THERE'S A CONSTRUCTION SHACK BACK A WAYS WHERE I CAN COOK A MEAL!



LATER...

THERE'S THE SHACK! JIM SAYERS GAVE ME THE KEY TO THE PADLOCK, SO I RECKON I'LL GO IN!

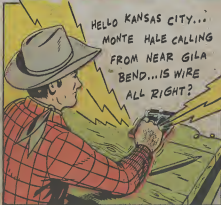


IN THE CONSTRUCTION SHACK...

PLENTY OF FOOD! AND THERE'S A SENDING SET ON THE TABLE! MAYBE I'D BETTER TAP OUT A LITTLE MESSAGE BACK TO KANSAS CITY AND FIND OUT IF THE WIRE'S BEEN TAMPERED WITH!



HELLO KANSAS CITY... MONTE HALE CALLING FROM NEAR GILA BEND... IS WIRE ALL RIGHT?



THEY RECEIVED IT ALL RIGHT! AND THERE'S A REPLY COMING THROUGH!

HELLO MONTE...
WIRE ALL
RIGHT...
MARSHAL
BROWN OF
KANSAS CITY
HAS URGENT
MESSAGE FOR
YOU...

CLICK-CLICK!

SOON...

HMM! SO THAT'S
THE MARSHAL'S
MESSAGE! I'LL
HAVE TO WORK
FAST!

CLICK!
CLICK!

HEAR THAT, JEB? HALE'S
BEEN TALKING TO THE
MARSHAL IN KANSAS
CITY!

OH OH! THAT MEANS
THE BOSS'LL WANT HIM
RUBBED OUT... PRONTO!

AS MONTE STEPS OUT OF THE SHACK...

CLUNK!

OH...HH...

I'LL
FINISH
HIM
NOW!

NO! WAIT, JEB! I'VE
GOT A BETTER WAY!
LET'S WRAP HIM UP
IN WIRE, AND CONNECT
IT TO THE POLE!

NOW, WHEN
THEY TEST THE
WIRE TOMORROW-
THE ELECTRICITY'LL
GO DOWN THE
LINE... AND
THROUGH
HALE!

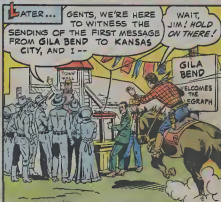
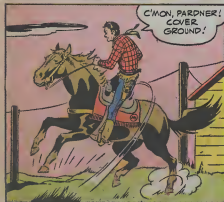
HE'LL BURN
LIKE A
CINDER!
AND THAT'LL
SHORT-CIRCUIT
THE LINE! PERFECT!
NOW LET'S HEAD
FOR THE BOSS AND
TELL HIM WHAT'S
HAPPENED!

LYING THERE, MONTE SLOWLY
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

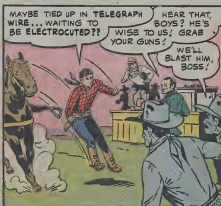
MY HEAD... MUST HAVE BEEN
SLUGGED... OUTSIDE SHACK...
AND I'VE BEEN TIED UP
HERE TO BE
ELECTROCUTED!



THERE! JIM MUST BE ABOUT READY TO SEND A MESSAGE THROUGH FROM GILA BEND!

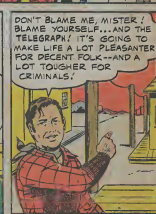
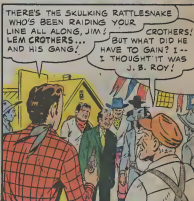


WAIT, JIM! HOLD ON THERE!



HEAR THAT, BOYS? HE'S WISE TO US! GRAB YOUR GUNS!

WE'LL BLAST HIM, BOSS!

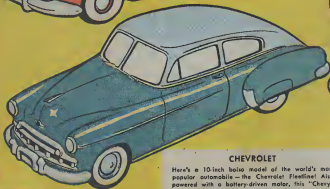
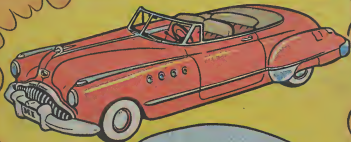


HEY GANG!
 LET'S BUILD THESE
 ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
 MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
 FULL SIZE PLANS!



BUICK CONVERTIBLE

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CHEVROLET

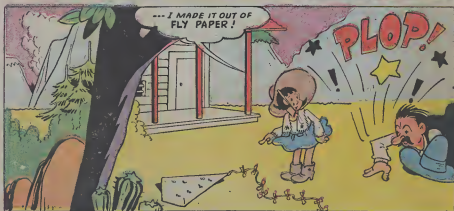
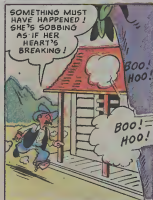
Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as A-B-C. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

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IS STUCK!





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AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT-

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MONTE HALE'S QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT - 4 CORRECT, GOOD -
3 CORRECT, FAIR - 2 CORRECT, POOR.

1. THE AVERAGE LARIAT IS BETWEEN 30 AND 60 FEET LONG.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



2. RENO, NEVADA, IS ABOUT 75 MILES FURTHER WEST THAN LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



4. CAPTAIN FELIX AUBREY ROOSE HORSEBACK FROM SANTA FE TO KANSAS CITY, 775 MILES, IN 5 DAYS AND 13 HOURS IN 1948.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



3. THE WORD "GUN" ORIGINATED IN ICELAND AT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE NORDIC INVASION OF ENGLAND.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



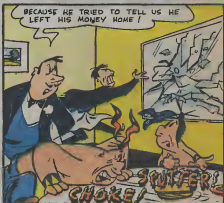
5. INDIAN TERRITORY WAS ESTABLISHED BY CONGRESS IN 1854.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

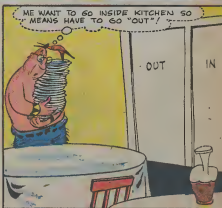
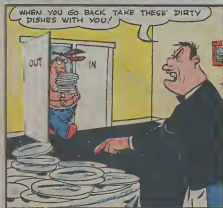


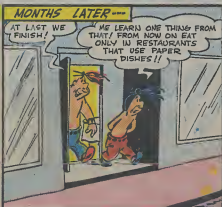
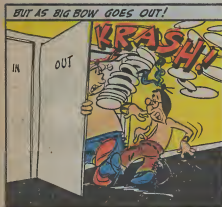
ANSWERS

1. TRUE
2. FALSE
3. TRUE
4. FALSE
5. TRUE











PERIL PASSAGE

A GRAY HAWK Story

By Dick Kraus

GRAY HAWK knelt by the swift water of the On-Ag-Na, and thrust his hand into it. The racing current caught at his hand, pulled it from him with the eagerness of a hungry beast. The Indian youth drew his hand quickly back from the river.

"The elders of the tribe have ordered me to take my canoe down the length of the On-Ag-Na," he muttered to himself. "Their word is law! And yet . . . I cannot obey them! I—I fear the stream."

Son of the chief of the Otapi tribe, young Gray Hawk had for many moons been the most daring swimmer, the fastest paddler of all the youths of the tribe. But then, a short time before, while he was guiding his birch bark canoe through the rapids of a nearby stream, he had struck a hidden rock and overturned. Flung high into the air, he had smashed his head against an outjutting boulder, and had sunk into the water—unconscious!

Moments later, the swirling waters threw him up on a sandy beach—more dead than alive!

Finding him there, his comrades had managed to bring him to. After a few weeks, he was as well as ever. As well as ever—but with one difference! His terrifying escape from death had left the Indian boy with a deep-imbedded fear of the water. His old courage had vanished, and he refused to set out on the lakes and streams of the countryside any longer.

Learning of this, the elders of the Otapi decided that Gray Hawk would have to cure himself of this weakness. They decreed that he would be left with a bark canoe at the fork of the On-Ag-Na, and that he would have to

paddle this canoe down the river to the village of the tribe. In this way would he lose the fear that had gripped him.

As he crouched by the side of the stream, Gray Hawk fought a cruel battle with himself.

The On-Ag-Na was the most dangerous of all the streams in the region. Many a husky warrior had disappeared beneath its raging waters! It was a river that few canoeists dared to venture on.

It was with this knowledge that the elders had decreed this perilous task for Gray Hawk. For once he had safely conquered the terrors of the On-Ag-Na, no other stream or lake could hold fear for him again.

BUT with the moment at hand, Gray Hawk hesitated. His lithe muscles tensed as he gripped the long, light canoe, ready to slip it into the river. A stiff breeze had risen, ruffling the willows along the edge of the stream, and making its surface even more treacherous.

"Now! I will start . . ." he murmured to himself.

He thrust the silver canoe onto the water and was about to step lightly into the craft, when a sudden memory seized him. It was the memory of that moment he sank beneath the waves. When he came within moments and inches of losing his life!

Gray Hawk stood still for a moment. Then he pulled the canoe back up on the bank.

"I—I cannot," he half-choked.

Bending his head in defeat, he realized what this would mean. Failing in a test of courage, of manhood, he would be unable to return to the tribe. Rather than disgrace his father, Gray Eagle, it would be better for him to flee,

to disappear forever. Perhaps they would think he had perished beneath the waves.

Slowly he lifted the canoe to his shoulders and bore it up the bank of the stream. He hid it behind a thicket of brambles. Then, turning away, his jaw set and his eyes bleak, he struck through the forest!

He followed a winding trail along the mountainside. As he walked along blindly, he did not care where his feet led him. A disgrace to his father and the tribe. A coward. It was a hard judgment he had passed on himself.

SUDDENLY Gray Hawk looked up. His nostrils scented something. It was faint but unmistakable, Wood smoke eddying through the trees! A forest fire—somewhere in the distance!

Quickly the Otapi youth sprang toward a nearby oak tree. Clambering up into its top-most branches, he peered off into the distance. There was a haze of purple-black smoke and wavering tongues of orange flame! It was a big fire—begun by some careless trapper or brave,—and a stiff breeze was pushing it through the forest.

Gray Hawk dropped to the ground and crouched there. His own escape would be easy. He could run over the mountain ridge that lay not far away. Over that rock barrier he would be safe from the hungry fire. But what would happen to his tribe in that case? They would not know of the onrushing danger until it trapped them in the mountain glade where their teepees stood!

With dry foliage and underbrush all about there would be no escape for them. Like flies, they would die in the all-consuming fire!

Gray Hawk's fist clenched, as he realized the fate that threatened his people! He would have to warn them! But how?

"I could run along the stream!"

But he quickly realized that this would be futile. The raging flames would out-distance his human strides, just as a fleet deer would out-distance the lumbering black bear. No, he would have to find a better way to out-speed the flames, to warn the village. And there was only one way—to take a canoe down the turbulent On-Ag-Na!

Unwilling, trembling, yet moved by some force greater than himself, Gray Hawk found himself racing toward the stream. Running at top speed, leaping over fallen logs and vaulting giant boulders, he was soon at the stream.

There was the canoe, just as he had left it. But the dense pall of smoke hung heavily behind the Indian boy, and its acrid smell bit into his nostrils. There was no time to waste!

Rapidly he shoved the canoe into the water and sprang into it. At once the furious current bore the slender craft away, like a fallen leaf, fluttering and dancing. Stabbing desperately with his paddle at the foaming waters, the boy managed to keep the bow headed forward, and to avert the first challenging rocks.

Sharp-breaking turns in the direction of the stream, narrow channels that scraped the sides of the canoe as it hurtled through, saw-tooth rocks whose slightest touch would mean destruction—he dared and conquered them all! Flailing furiously, now using the paddle as a rudder, now stroking with it, Gray Hawk brought the birch canoe down the stream, until at last he was on the long stretch that led to the village!

HIS heart thumped within him as he saw a group of elders waiting by the stream. They must have been waiting long—but they had faith that he would come.

As he shot the canoe up on the shelving beach and sprang from it, to deliver his message—with scant minutes to spare—Gray Hawk knew that he had done two things.

By bringing the canoe down the On-Ag-Na, by daring the wrath of the unleashed torrent, he had saved the lives of many of his tribe—and he had saved his own manhood! Hand raised, the Otapi youth shouted to the elders, "Old men! Listen to me! Our people are in peril . . ."

THE END

Read the thrilling adventures of courageous GRAY HAWK in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN!

MONTE HALE

in ROAD AGENT ROUNDUP



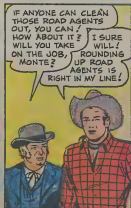
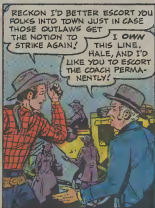
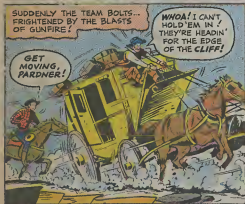
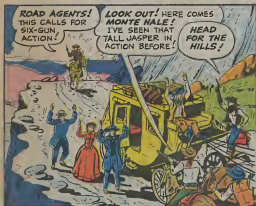
THE ROAD AGENTS WERE RIDING HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME, AND HAD AN UNCANNY KNACK FOR TELLING WHEN THE GOLD SHIPMENTS WERE ROLLING THROUGH UNTIL ROLLOCKING, CAREFREE **MONTE HALE** TOOK A HAND TO CALL A BLAZING SIX-GUN SHOWDOWN!

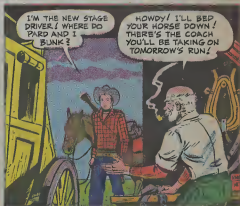
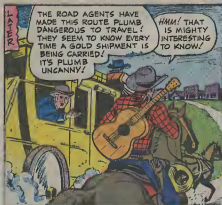
LET'S FOLLOW THAT GUN-SLINGING, GUITAR-SLAPPING TROUBADOR OF THE RANGE, **MONTE HALE**, AS HE RAMBLES DOWN THE TRAIL!

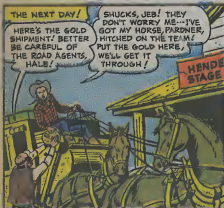
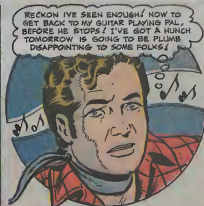
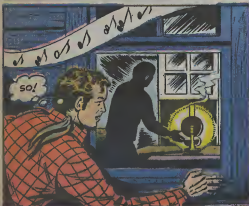
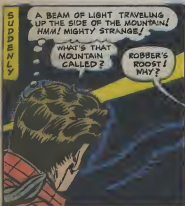


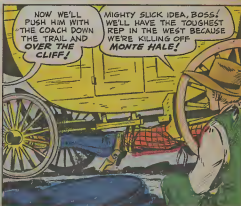
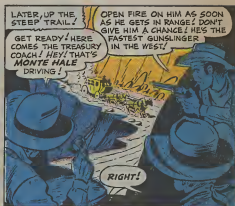
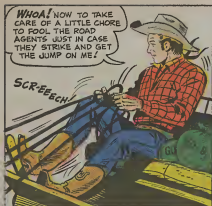
SUDDENLY! BAM! BAM!

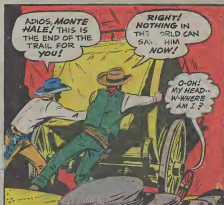






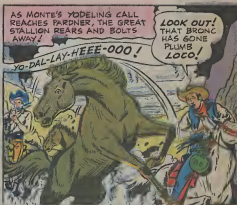








A MIGHTY CLOSE SHAVE,
BUT I'M FREE! NOW TO
SIGNAL PARDNER AND
HIT THE TRAIL AFTER
THOSE RANNIES!



AS MONTE'S YODELING CALL
REACHES FARDNER, THE GREAT
STALLION REARS AND BOLTS
AWAY!

LOOK OUT!
THAT BRONC
HAS GONE
PLUMB
LOCO!

YO-DAL-LAY-HEEE-OOO!



MOMENTS
LATER!

GOOD BOY, PARDNER!
I KNEW NOTHING
WOULD HOLD YOU
WHEN YOU HEARD
MY SIGNAL!



LET'S GO! THEY'RE
TAKING THE MOUNTAIN
TRAIL TO THEIR HIDE-
OUT! I AIM TO TAKE A
SHORT CUT!

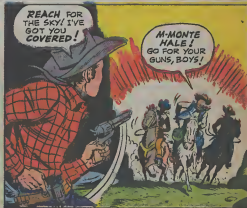


WE'LL HEAD UP THE MOUNTAIN
SIDE, TO THE SPOT I SAW THAT
LIGHT FLASHED TO
LAST NIGHT!



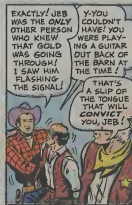
SOON, MONTE REACHES THE ROAD AGENT'S
HIDE-OUT, HIGH ATOP ROBBER'S ROOST!

HA! MADE IT
AHEAD OF THEM!
RECKON THAT'S
THEM I HEAR
COMING, NOW!



REACH FOR
THE SKY! I'VE
GOT YOU
COVERED!

M-MONTE
HALE!
GO FOR YOUR
GUNS, BOYS!



MONTE HALE'S

Cowboy Songs



"BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE"



ANY COWBOY SONGS WERE LIVELY AND JOYOUS, FULL OF THE SPIRIT OF BOASTING AND GOOD HUMOR. BUT OFTEN A LONE WADDY, RIDING OUT ON THE BOUNDLESS PRAIRIE WITH BROAD SKIES ABOVE HIM, WOULD GROW SAD WITH MEMORIES. HE WOULD REMEMBER THE HOME AND LOVED ONES HE HAD LEFT BEHIND HIM—AND HE WOULD THINK OF THE MANY COWBOYS LIKE HIM—SELF, WHO HAD DIED OUT ON THE PRAIRIE AND HAD BEEN BURIED THERE, A MOUND OF STONES MARKING THEIR FINAL RESTING PLACE. AND THINKING OF THEM, HE MIGHT SING A SAD BALLAD LIKE THE OLD FAVORITE,

"BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE"



BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

"O bury me not on the lone prairie."
These words come low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the end of day.

He sighed in pain till o'er his brow
Death's shadows fast were gathering now.
He thought of his home and his loved ones nigh
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

"I've often wished to be laid, when I died,
In the little church on the green hillside
By my father's grove there let mine be—
O bury me not on the lone prairie."

"O bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me.
In a narrow grave just six by three,
O bury me not on the lone prairie."



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